

Seventy-Seven Men Docted Their Uniforms Yesterday Afternoon—

New Head of Department Installed in Office—Secured 25 Recruits to Man Three Down Town Halls and One on South Side—Special Watchmen at Stockyards and Large Industrial Concerns

Practically the entire force of the Edmonton fire department took off their uniforms yesterday afternoon and walked out as a protest against the appointment of R. G. Davidson to be fire chief.

The new chief at once proceeded to reorganize the department and last night announced that he had secured 25 recruits, sufficient

The local fire insurance underwriters are waiting to hear from

In the absence from the city of Mayor Evans, Deputy Mayor W. H. Martin and Commissioner Harrison placed Chief Davidson in

No Further Negotiations
No further negotiations were car-

The men after leaving the fire halls, assembled at the Labor Hall on 191st street and there held a meeting, the object of which was merely to con-

The men did not stay around discussing events, but after the meeting the majority went off to their homes.

Some \$9 per cent. a married men and taxpayers, with homes in the city. Arrangements were made to picket the fire drills today.

Later on some few of the aldermen were in consultation with the city commissioners, and on the question being

asked it was stated that it would hardly be possible to call a meeting of council before the usual meeting on Friday night. However, later on it

Will Autocracy, Disciplined for War, Show More Endurance Than Democracies Trained for Peace

Democracies Trained for Peace

(By Morning Bulletin Leased Wire)

LONDON, Feb. 1. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency).—Sir Edward

Would autocracy, disciplined for war, show a greater endurance and courage than a league of democracies trained for peace? The

"As long as this is the enemy dream," Sir Edward declared, "this country down to the greatest recipient will have with liberty."

BOLSHEVIKI CAPTURE ODESSA

AND ORENBURG--ROUMANIANS IN CAPITAL OF BESSARABIA

(By Morning Bulletin Leased Wire)
JASSY, Roumania, Sunday, Jan. 27.
Odessa was captured by the Bolsheviks on Sunday night. The Bolshevik troops are now in full control of the city. The city is the capital of the government of Orenburg. Orenburg is situated on the right bank of the Ural river, in European Russia, a short distance west of the Asiatic frontier. It is the

that city. Kishinev, capital of Bessarabia, and the scene of Jewish massacres 15 years ago, was taken today by Roumanian forces, who were sent there in response to an appeal for aid from the local Bessarabian government.

Odesa is the most important city and seaport of Southern Russia, and the fourth city of the country in population. It is located in the government of Kherson, a short distance east of the mouth of the Dnieper River, 30 miles southwest of Kherson.

Modern City
The city is of modern growth, and ill laid out, and wears a Western European rather than a Russia aspect.

ed the town of Rogachev, 72 miles south of Mohilev, on the Dnieper river. The executive committee of the provincial workmen's and soldiers' delegates has sent a new time limit demanding the evacuation of Rogachev and the submission of the Polish forces

The last census, that of 1919, gave the population as 450,000 persons, of whom nearly one-third were Jews. Kishinev, with a population in 1935 about 199,000, is the chief centre of Bessarabia for trade in grain, wool, fow, hides and tobacco. It is located on the Dniester, 60 miles from the Black Sea. In addition, the fate of the Polish land owners, members of the Constitutional-Democratic party and other counter-revolutionaries who have been arrested and held as hostages depends on the surrender of the Poles.

ed on the Byk river, 85 miles north-
west of Odessa, and 20 miles from
the Roumanian border.

Take Orenburg
PETROGRAD, Feb. 1.—The Bol-
sheviki have captured Orenburg,

MOOSE JAW HOTEL DESTROYED
REGINA, Sask., Feb. 1.—Fire at
Moose Jaw early Friday evening de-
stroyed the city hotel, one of the old-
est hotels on the waterfront.

Will Autocracy, Disciplined for War, Show More Endurance Than

Democracies Trained for Peace

LONDON, Feb. 1. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency).—Sir Edward Carson, addressing the British Empire Producers' association, said the present was a critical time for both ourselves and our enemies. He believed the position had resolved itself into this:

nd courage than a league of democracies trained for peace? The real issue was: Could democracy, when attacked, defend itself? We all wanted peace, but the recent speeches of the Austro-German leaders had not offered an honorable peace. We were told we must live up Aden, Gibraltar, the Falklands, Hong Kong and Malta.

"As long as this is the enemy dream," Sir Edward declared, "this country, down to the greatest pacifist, will have nothing to do with it."

BOLSHEVIKI CAPTURE ODESSA AND ORENBURG--ROUMANIANS IN CAPITAL OF RUSSIA

(By Morning Bulletin Leased Wire)
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...the village was captured by the Bolsheviks on Sunday night. The Bolshevik troops are now in full control of that city. Kishinev, capital of Bessarabia, and the scene of Jewish massacres 15 years ago, was taken today by Roumanian forces, who were

Korniloff, started a revolution against the Bolsheviks. General Dutof was given command of that branch of the counter-revolutionary army which was to proceed northeastward through Orenburg, capture Orenburg city, and thence go northward and endeavor to

Modern City
The city is of modern growth, and

laid out, and wears a Western European rather than a Russia aspect. The imperial new Russian university located here, and had before the war more than 3,000 students. Immense quantities of grain are exported from the port, as it is the natural outlet

The southwestern provinces of the empire. The last census, that of 1910, gave a population of 450,000 persons, of whom nearly one-third were Jews. Kishinev, with a population in 1935 about 109,000, is the chief centre. The government has sent a new time limit demanding the evacuation of Bessarabia and the submission of the Polish forces in addition. The fate of the Polish land owners, members of the Constitutional-Democratic party and other counter-revolutionaries who have been

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Take Orenburg

PETROGRAD, Feb. 1.—The Bolsheviks have captured Orenburg, destroyed the city hotel, one of the oldest hotels on the waterfront.

QUIT WORK AS PROTEST AGAINST APPOINTMENT OF B. G. DAVIDSON AS CHIEF

(Continued From Page One)

limited. They had all agreed to have that there should be no violence. He was heartily cheered by the men.

Hase, Men. Rev. Chief

This was the first of a series of 16

[illegible]

It was arranged that the Edmonton committee should communicate with

Ald. H. Milton Martin, who is the chairman of the local Fire Underwriting

ers' association, has taken a strong attitude in sympathy with the request of the men that the president of the Whitehouse, Lieut. Booth, Chief Engineer Jamieson, and Firemen Murray

of the iremen that the appointment should be made from the ranks of the employees. He contends that this principle should be observed in all city appointments, and that by not doing so the city council has broken the agreement made by the appointed representatives of the city.

Labor Men in Sympathy
Labor unions in the city are gathering forces in support of the firemen, and at a meeting of the Printing Tradesmen held on Wednesday night, the

That this union endorses the action of the Firefighters' Union of Edmonton, taken in respect of the appointment by the city of a chief secretary

the department that applications for the post might be sent to the commissioners. They also contended that outside applicants had received no answer to their letters.

A similar resolution was also passed by the Carpenters' union.

Care is being taken of the horses

The men refused to accept this, saying that they were not supporting Jamieson in particular, but wanted

There was no excitement when the walkout occurred at 1:30 p.m. yesterday.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Chief Davidson was taken to No. 2 hall for the

The conference having lasted until nearly one o'clock, the men asked if the commissioners intended to instal Chief Davidson, and they were informed that it was the wish of the majority of the aldermen that he

The deputy-mayor in cautioning the men said that mistakes had been made on both sides, on the part of the men by reading into the agreement that promotions to the positions of chief fireman and fireman were intended.

"I am satisfied," added the deputy-mayor, "that if we gave you a man from the ranks that in six months' time you would be in disagreement with him."

"It's a poor compliment to the de-

partment," remarked one of the firemen, "to say that there is not a man in the whole of the employees fit to be put in the place of chief."

The deputy-mayor and Commissioner Harrison having left the hall, the men rapidly changed their clothes,

When the strike edict was issued at 1 p.m., the switchboard operator at No. 1 hall, through whose hands alarms and instructions from station to station are transferred, promptly quit his post. The switchboard work was immediately taken over by the

The men put in a plea that special provisions should be made for the care of the horses at the stations where they are now located.

Ex-Chief Henderson attended the superintendent of fire alarms and police telegraphs. The alarm superintendent could not be called upon to operate the switchboard indefinitely so it was arranged to have him relieved at four o'clock by a new operator, who recently joined the department.

Over 8,000 Auto Licenses Are

Already Taken Out in Alberta; No Objections to Higher Fees

More than double the number of automobile licenses have been issued in January, 1918, than in the same period

last year, according to the records of the provincial secretary's department. Approximately 8,000 licenses have gone out so far in the

province against about 3,000 last year, and so far as could be learned there has been no dissatisfaction among automobile owners as to the basis

for automobile licenses. There have been no "kicks" registered with the department along this line to date, and for the most part the automobile

owners seem satisfied to pay the additional license so long as they are assured that the

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NEXT WEEK'S
ATTRACTIONSBILLY OSWALD
TO RETURN IN
A NEW SHOWComedian of "Is the 'a' Fac"
Fame, Star of Hespered Henry
at the Empire

At this particular time in the country's history, when nearly every person has all the trouble and grief that it is not possible to perform its proper mission. It is not only the theatre-goers' entertainment, but also a source of daily life's thought. For that reason, comedy should be given to them and plenty of it, so that in finding entertainment at the theatre they also get diversion and an opportunity of forgetting the serious things of the times. It is an accepted scientific fact that only by so doing can people remain normal and efficient. The United Producing Company, Ltd., have taken this into consideration in the selection of their attractions for this season, and particularly so in the musical farce, and favorite in Canada, is "The Land of Promise," in which the character of the man who has been married and every situation in real life. The story deals with a married man, a banker, who always unfortunately gets into a bit of a fix, and who is directed by his way by his over-zealous and talkative wife, and who is the principal in a myriad funny situations that cause him a great deal of embarrassment and many explanations. These situations follow each other so rapidly that they keep an audience enthralled with laughter from the time the curtain rises on the first act, until it falls on the last scene. In the time of Mr. Oswald, the sup-

MARGARITA FISCHER
IN PICTURES AGAIN
AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Margarita Fischer's appearance on the screen after an illness of several months following an operation which necessitated a long stay in hospital, is a matter for rejoicing among motion picture fans, with whom she is intensely popular. Miss Fischer made quite a number of friends throughout America for her clever work in "Miss Jackie of the Navy," "The Devil's Assistant" and other popular successes, and the news flashed across the continent after her production of "The Devil's Assistant" that she had sustained an injury in rehearsal which would necessitate surgical care, caused grief wherever it was received. For the last six weeks Miss Fischer has been, and more her old self and her work in the new production, "The Girl Who Couldn't Grow Up," which commences this week, shows that she is again able to burn up the rounds in racing automobiles, to plunge into the sea from steamship decks, and otherwise to comport herself as if young.

Pictorial Progress.

To study the progress he has made in the construction of today's picture, Manager Harry Pomeroy of the Empire Theatre, Toronto, has had photographs taken of every frame he has made during the past four years, both in Toronto and Buffalo. His collection of pictures is highly interesting, incidentally, the crudeness of his first settings is very apparent. According to Pomeroy the photographs help to rectify many mistakes.

porting cast includes Katherine Sheldon, Patricia Carmen, Claire Couper, Stan Brown, Harold Blair and the "Sunshine Girls" chorus. All the musical numbers offered by the principle and chorus are up to the minute, new song hits and are thoroughly staged and costumed. If you want to forget your troubles and worries for two hours and a half, don't miss Hespered Henry at the Empire Theatre, three days, starting Thursday, February 1, with matinee Saturday.

Act 1, Scene 1, in Irving Berlin's big musical comedy success, "Watch Your Step," coming to the Empire the first half of next week.



Act 1, Scene 1, in Irving Berlin's big musical comedy success, "Watch Your Step," coming to the Empire the first half of next week.

GEORGE WALSH
GOES BACK TO
ALMA MATER

George Walsh has gone back to college. Hearing on the 1st that he had been making over since a representative of a western university saw him in action on the football field and tried to induce George to enroll as a student again, the Fox star has successfully made one more to the lists of the first and last.

George's return to college, however, was made purely for motion picture purposes. In his newest production, "Some Boy," which comes to the Empire the last half of next week, the story begins within the learned walls of a dormitory. There is George's room, and there is George, in all the academic happiness which he enjoyed a few years ago at Georgetown and Fordham.

Incidentally, the college represented is George's alma mater in D.C. Georgetown pennants are hung liberally about the walls and the basketball uniform which the hero wears bears the name of that university across the breast.

It makes the Illinois star, George fitted up the "set" representing his quarters exactly as his place was furnished in college. He got out the old script books and gave all the photographs which showed his dormitory apartment to the technical department at the Fox studio. He begged that his room be arranged and set up as possible like the one he had known in the old familiar days.

"I know the usual type of college boys," he said, "it's always wrong, and I want to be right."

As the technical department followed, the set's photographer, they were easily able to duplicate the correct thing.

War Picture Bureau.

A war lecture bureau has been organized in eastern Canada for the purpose of promoting and sustaining public opinion in the prosecution of the war, and a letter has been sent out to exhibitors asking for their co-operation in this new movement. The exhibitor is assured that the five-minute speech will be confined to war topics and problems related thereto, and that under no circumstances will discussion of political topics be permitted.

What You See in "The Girl Who Couldn't Grow Up" is a picture of a girl's actual development. A mother and mother bear race with a young girl.

How it is a picture of a girl's development. A mother and mother bear race with a young girl.

MONARCH
THEATRE

TODAY ONLY

PARENTAGE
A MESSAGE

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

JESSE L. LASKY PRESENTS

Billie Burke

SUPPORTED BY

THOMAS MEIGHAN

IN

The Land of Promise

A STORY OF MANITOBA AND WESTERN CANADA

From the famous story by W. Somerset Maugham, Billie Burke in the greatest story of her wonderful brilliant career, a grandstand act up and take motion when presented on the stage. A Paramount picture you simply must not miss.

ALSO 12th EPISODE OF

WHO IS NUMBER ONE?

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

NORMA

TALMADGE

IN

Secret of the Storm Country

SEQUEL TO

THE SECRET OF THE STORM COUNTRY

ONE-QUALLED
PANTAGES
VAUDEVILLE

All Next Week at 3 and 8.30 p.m.

Herman Becker presents Leo Greenwood

In a Tropical Musical Comedy

"YUCATAN"

MARTHA RUSSELL & Co. in Stage Types

Late Star of the Essanay Film Co.

"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

STRENGTH Bros.

MACK & VELMAR

Chung Hwa Four

Scene from "Dodging a Million," showing at the Empress Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

FILM ACTRESS
TO HEADLINE
VARIETY BILL

Martha Russell, Formerly of Essanay, Coming to Pantages Next Week

Martha Russell, for three years a featured player for Essanay with Francis X. Bushman, Bryant Washburn and other well-known stars of the films, will headline next week's vaudeville show at Pantages theatre. Like many of her co-workers of the silent drama, Miss Russell was graduated from the vaudeville and speaking stage into the studio and film fame. And, like still more of her fellow movie stars, she has returned to her old love, Miss Russell, with Andy Byrne, offers a skill entitled "Stage Types," which has been set to catchy music by Miss Russell's partner. In a series of character studies, Miss Russell presents the many idiosyncrasies of her fellow beings of the stage. "Taratana," a musical act which gives a comedy in tabloid and stars Leo Greenwood, will co-headline the bill with Miss Russell. Elaborate

NATIVE CANADIAN
FARMERS PLAYED IN
"LAND OF PROMISE"

An item of special note in the second Billie Burke Paramount production, "The Land of Promise," is the display of remarkable types in even the most unimportant parts. As most of the action was supposed to take place in Western Canada, Director Joseph Kaufman and Billie Burke, star, decided that no "rendered" eastern actors should intrude their monotone and wrist watches where there should be rugged strength and work-roughened hands. For this purpose most of the small parts were played by native farmers of Canada from different parts of Manitoba.

several arrangements and catchy tunes from the most recent New York successes and the dancing of a beauty chorus brings this attraction up to a mark seldom attained by girl-and-music presentations.

Mack and Velmar, billed to appear here this week, but detained through the disruption of train service in the northwestern states, will offer their comedy singing and talking act next week instead. Strength Brothers have a presentation of athletic skill that is high unto being marvellous. The question "Can Chinese Sing?" is answered admirably by the Chinese Hwa Four, who will offer a novelty harmony act that is sure to please. The entire program is started off by the fourth episode of "The Fighting Trail."

MACK & VELMAR

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

MARGARITH FISCHER

IN

'The Girl Who Couldn't Grow Up'

CURRENTS EVENTS

LATEST EPISODE

The Neglected Wife

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Are you glum or desperate?

Do you want to feel the blood tingle in every vein and the thrills go up and down your back?

Here's Your Chance! SEE

George Walsh in 'Some Boy'

Empire Theatre

3 Days Starting THURS. FEB. 7th

WITH MATINEE SATURDAY

SUNSHINE SEXETTE

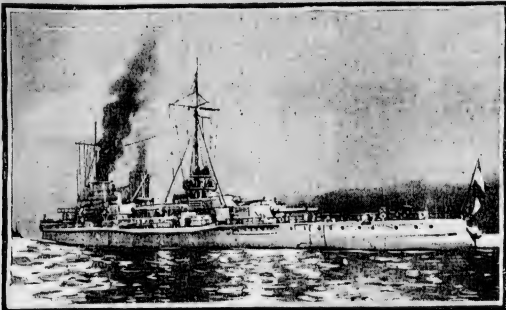
MOST ELABORATE COSTUMES AND THE BEST SINGING AND DANCING CHORUS ON TOUR

PRICES:--\$1, 75c, 50c and 25c

THE CLEVER
SCOTTISH
COMEDIANBILLY
OSWALD
And
"HIS
SUNSHINE GIRLS"
INHENPECKED
HER
A MUSICAL FARCE IN 2 ACTS

Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

DRIVEN ASHORE BY BRITISH WARSHIPS



The former German battleship Goeben, used since 1914 by the Turks, which has been driven ashore and badly damaged by British warships at the entrance of the Dardanelles.

BRITISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN MONTREAL.



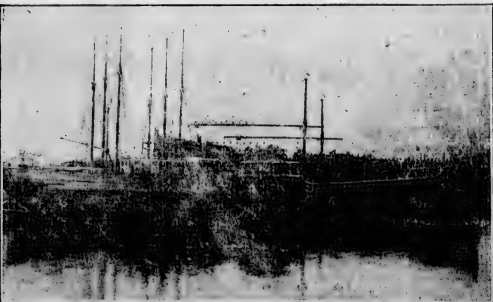
Sir Frederick Smith and his brother Harold, of Toronto. Sir Frederick addressed the Canadian Club at luncheon in Montreal recently, and also spoke before the McGill students and the Montreal branch of the Women's Canadian Club.

GALLANT BRITISH DESTROYER



H.M.S. Lizard, torpedo boat destroyer, with H.M.S. Tigress (sister ship) prevented the Turkish fleet, including the Goeben and Breslau, from leaving the Dardanelles; causing the destruction of the Goeben and Breslau.

FIRST WAR EMERGENCY SHIP LAUNCHED IN CANADA



This is a photograph of the "War Sangha," the first emergency ship to be launched in either Canada or the United States. It was built by the Poon Jai Company, Ltd., Victoria, B.C., under contract with the Imperial Munitions Board. It is one of the standard wooden ships being built in several Canadian ports. It is 251 feet long by 43.6 beam, and 2,800 tonnage.

May Represent Canada At Washington



Lloyd Harris, of Branford, now in Washington on business for the Imperial Munitions Board, may be kept there by the Canadian Government as Canadian Commissioner at the United States Capital.

DIED UNDER A CLOUD



Sir Beauchamp Duff, former British Commander-in-Chief in India, who was blamed in part for the Mesopotamia blunder.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT BREST-LITOVSK.



This is the first photograph to arrive in this country showing the Russo-Teuton peace parley at Brest-Litovsk. Prince Leopold of Bavaria (with white beard) is shown signing the armistice. In the group are: Delegate Kanaunoff, president of the Bolshevik delegation; Mme. A. A. Bieuko, of the Bolshevik delegation; Admiral Alt-vater, Capt. Lipsky, M. Korochan, secretary of the Bolshevik delegation; Lieut. Col. Fokke, German army; Zeki Pacha, attorney for Turkey; Ambassador von Herzy, Prince Leopold of Bavaria; General Hoffman, chief of the prince's staff; Col. Gantsechow, attorney for Bulgaria; Capt. Horn, German army; Capt. Roy, Major Brinkmann, German army; Major von Komor, Capt. von Rosenberg, Major von Mirboch, and M. Dolivo-Dobrowolsky, Bolshevik delegates.

Below is the house at Brest-Litovsk where the peace negotiations between the Bolshevik delegates and the representatives of the Central Powers are being conducted. This photo, which has just arrived, shows German, Russian and Austrian officers in conversation before one of the daily meetings.

TEUTONIC LEADERS TALKING PEACE



Count von Hertling, Imperial German Chancellor. Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister.

ULSTER LEADER LEAVES LLOYD GEORGE GOVERNMENT



Sir Edward Carson.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE IN FRANCE



War isn't all bad. Tommy had some Christmas diversions as this official British photo shows. If the censor had passed more photos like this an agitation for conscription might not have arisen.

BILLIARD CHAMPION DEFENDS TITLE



Alfred de Oro, three-cushion billiard champion of the world, sailed for Cuba to defend his title. He met Charles Otis in Havana. Since De Oro successfully defended his title, he will probably be matched with Willie Hoppe. This match will be the greatest even the billiard world has ever known.

THE CITY OF JAFFA FROM THE SEA



**"ORGANIZE, CO-OPERATE AND
FORGET HATRED OF HOGS"
SAYS HIGH PRAIRIE BREEDER**

STOCK NOTES

Horse in Straw Pile.
Fred Hicks of Provost had a valuable horse fast in the straw pile. Fortunately Hob saw the animal and with the assistance of some of the boys it was rescued before any harm was done.—Provost News.

Glendon Pastures.
E. H. Pixley, of Hill End, on Tuesday brought 10 head of his broodmares to Hicks' ranch for the winter. This speaks volumes for the good pasture in these parts.—Glendon News.

Hogs Are High.

Talking about kinds, what about porker? Hogs sold at Calgary on Friday for \$19 per cwt. If it keeps on there'll be no need for the food controller to ask people to do without. The packstock controller will have to get its work in soon.—Inniskill Pro'nce.

Cattle Business Brisk.

A. F. Maley will leave shortly for another trip to the States to buy

Successful Sale.—N. White, auctioneer, held a successful sale for James Martin, Lidgewood, on Monday last. Cows ran from \$10 to \$125, two-year-olds \$65 to \$70, and yearlings around \$40. A. H. Trimble.

Load Hogs \$710.50.—Frank Gahwendtner, Clive, brought in one sleigh load of hogs and sold to the local buyer, J. T. Reynolds. This one sleigh load netted Mr. Gahwendtner \$710.50. This is the highest record at Clive for one single load of hogs. Clive News-Record.

The United States embargo against the exportation of pork and pork products to Canada has been modified to the extent that licensees will now be granted for the shipment of fat meat and pork in limited quantities for lumber camp use in the Dominion. Such license will be issued by the War Trade Board only upon the approval of the Food Controller for Canada.

Good Prices for Stock.
The sale of G. H. Hawtinheimer's stock by Auctioneer A. Rogers was largely attended and good prices were realized. A bunch of last year's calves brought an average price of \$40 each; rising two, \$65 and \$70, and yearling colts \$52. Mr. Hawtinheimer donated the lunch and the Ired Cross ladies realized \$30.00 from it. Mr. Hawtinheimer is in poor health and is moving to the coast.—Red Deer News.

237 Hogs Average \$35.
Hogs reached the high water mark at Coronation on Tuesday, January 15th, when Messrs. Blackwood and Oscar Cooke paid 18c. Two hundred and thirty-seven hogs were bought at this figure and averaged over \$35 a hog. It pays to bring your hogs to Coronation, and it also pays to raise them. Coronation Review.

DER Hogs 11c to 19c at Edmonton.
During the month of January hog
off cars at Edmonton stock yards
ranged in price from 17 cents on Jan.
1st, 4th and 8th, to 18 cents on Jan.
14th, 23rd and 31st, with the low
notch record of 19 cents on Jan. 21st.
Hog prices for January average high
er than in any month of the past year.

Had Awful Cough

WERE CURED BY
DR. WOOD'S


Mrs. Arthur Appleyard, Novar, Ont., writes: "This past winter my children and I had awful colds and coughs which we got by being in drafts. I tried a number of different remedies for us, but got no relief. I thought

would try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I found it a most excellent and sure cure. It gave relief to the tickling in the throat and stopped the cough, and with a few bottles we were all cured."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a remedy that has been on the market for over twenty-five years, and was

There are a lot of imitations on the market, so when you ask for "Dr. Wood's," see that you get it. Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c and 50c; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1918.

FICTION MAGAZINE





Ann Tracy turned with a startled cry and stared at the pale faced girl with the dilated eyes and uplifted weapon.

utterly terror-stricken. It kept pounding the hardwood with its hands and screaming, with bared teeth. When the others came it tried to wrap itself up in the rug."

"It never liked Margaret, for some reason. That probably accounts for the lacerated arm. I always meant to ask her about that. But I don't see why it didn't use the gavel again, if it had used it once."

"The confusion seemed to terrify it more than ever," added Alice. "I was at Sanford when word reached me. Crether's nephew drove me home. I thought the old horse would take all night. Just as I got to the door, it started to run across the lawn."

"It was down on the bridge when father shot it. It cried just like a baby. They found it floating in Merry's Pond the next day. Some of the boys dragged it out. Dr. Hale had it stuffed. We all thought it was very bad taste at the time."

"Certainly it hurt his practice," said Ann.

"Deservedly, too," added Mrs. Allen.

And then to the girl in the gloomy hallway there was audible only the sound of three rocking chairs creaking over the protesting floor of the forbidden room.

Fully five minutes elapsed. Then:

"The mark on her arm went to the grave with her," said Alice irrelevantly.

"That's why I've been watching the child's hands." It was the grandaunt who spoke. "The palm and fingers are long."

"Dr. Hale scoffed at the idea," said Ann Tracy.

"And he died a mere pensioner at the Hardwick Institute," retorted Hope Allen spitefully. "Dr. Beardsley warned

me against the possibility of subconscious suggestion. The room might awaken the instinctive impulses aflame that night. She's never been in here since that day, has she?"

"No," said Ann. "But the girl's perfectly normal."

"So was Margaret Lenmore when she came here!" snapped Mrs. Allen. "And we couldn't trust her own child to her fifteen months later."

"I'm going to bed," said Alice. "The memories of the whole affair give me the chills!"

From the window of her room the girl could see the moonlight on the maples and the vast purple void of night sky, spattered with blinking myriads of stars. The glory of the night was lost upon her in the broader conviction that life was a sinister, hopeless thing. Long after the others had gone to bed she stood there, her brain in a tumult of terrifying forebodings.

Grandaunt Tracy died the next week. Margaret accompanied her aunts to Cambridge and stared briefly at the thin, waxy visage in the plain black coffin. She was conscious of a quick thrill of satisfaction. It was as if one of her tormenters had been eliminated. The somberness of the scene and the service did not add to her sense of depression. On the contrary, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled. Ann and Alice Tracy noted this, and in their bleak old eyes crept the light of greater apprehension.

Margaret read indefatigably. She exhausted the library's supply of books on

zoology and psychology. The library staff wondered why such a young and attractive girl should be so engrossed in morbid tomes on manias and aberrations. It got around the village, of course. Among the older generation there was much shaking of graying heads.

Alice succumbed to pneumonia that fall. After that the house seemed quieter somehow, although Alice herself had always resembled a gray shadow. There remained beside Margaret only Ann Tracy and the one servant. She was a ruddy faced Irish lass, with a loud voice and a perennial good nature that jarred upon Ann.

The older woman read every evening alone in the library. The green-shaded lamp cast the light over her left shoulder, according to the approved practice, and invested the gray hair with the deceptive glint of gold. The Irish servant girl was astounded to find that Margaret Tracy watched her furtively every night through the opening in the red curtains. She stood very still and straight in the shadows of the hall, peering always through the aperture.

"It's a queer house entirely," asserted the spectator. Every evening the little triangular drama was resumed.

The spell of the thing grew upon both of them. Ann Tracy was oblivious to the scrutiny. When her book snapped shut the watcher at the curtains would steal quietly upstairs. When the old woman had emerged into the hall she often remarked the light in the servant's room and wondered what kept her up so late. One night the tension snapped.

Watching through the crack in the door, the servant saw Margaret's white-clad figure disappear through the curtains. With pounding heart and infinite stealth she opened the door and approached the library. Her broad visage, drained of color, appeared between the curtains.

Over at the fireplace stood the girl. In her right hand was clutched the speaker's gavel. She was staring as if hypnotized at the gray head bowed over the old volume. Even as the spectator stared the girl's round white arm rose slowly. The ruddy rays from the fireplace gleamed in darting highlights on the polished ebony of the gavel.

"Margaret, darlint!" the servant croaked.

Ann Tracy turned with a startled cry and stared at the pale-faced girl with the dilated eyes and uplifted weapon. Then she crumpled very quietly to the floor. The Irish servant girl carried her upstairs. A moment later and her walling broke the silence.

"Ochone!" she cried. "Sure, an' she's gone, God rist her! 'Tis heart failure she's had the while!"

Her ruddy countenance appeared between the curtains. Margaret Tracy looked up from the fireplace where the flames were already licking the sleek handle of the gavel. A slight flush had crept into her cheeks and her wide eyes were soft again.

"Thank-you, Ellen," she said quietly. "You have done very well. And now you might phone for Dr. Maffors. After the funeral we'll live here together—you and I. And here in the library we'll dispense with shaded lamps and musty legends. Henceforth our main concern will be just—just the business of growing old!"

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THE FINISHING STROKE

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Bess Bethell



WHEN Katherine was 17 the term "living her own life" had not been framed; at least she had never heard selfishness so expressed. She was one of those rare individuals not so

much unselfish as unself-thinking. To be put up against a set of conditions meant only to Katherine that she should cope as best she might with those conditions and ask no wild questions of fate.

So when her father died, leaving very little, and Katherine had a mother and a much younger brother left helpless on her hands, she went about making herself competent to earn her own and their living with a very high ardor in her loyal heart.

She hadn't any shining talent which might have made it easier for her, and she had to fight her way through many difficulties. She was rather plain, was Katherine, too, except for a pair of very dark, very warm eyes and hair that had glints in it. She was sincere; so sincere indeed that a friend of hers once said of her that she didn't put art into life.

Whatever that may mean! Well, in any event Katherine went about her business with determination and persistence and perhaps a bit of imagination, because all the time she was typewriting for the lawyer who employed her at a fair salary she was thinking that her work was making it possible for her mother to have a few comforts, and that her young brother Howard was being educated.

Of Howard Katherine was inordinately proud. He was ten years younger than she and he had temperament, even though he lacked concentration. At 15 he could play the piano a little, recite poetry and was much in demand at parties. Katherine and Katherine's mother united somewhat in spoiling the boy, of whom they expected great things some day.

At 25 Katherine knew she must make more money. The answer was to find a better paying job. The lawyer for whom she typed declarations and petitions could not afford to raise her salary; she knew that fact well. Nevertheless, she spoke to him one day regarding her needs.

John Arnold looked up from a big law book at Katherine's young and earnest face. Subconsciously he noticed what fine eyes she had; consciously he was thinking he'd hate like the mischief to lose so capable a stenographer. But he couldn't for the life of him scrape together more than the \$18 a week he had paid her for a year or two.

He was about 30, at the beginning of his career, and clients didn't come very fast. Nevertheless, he sat for a moment thinking of what near-luxury he could go without in order to retain Katherine.

♦ ♦ ♦

THEN a bright idea occurred to him. "I needn't tell you, Miss Sercombe," he said, "that my law practice just yet won't permit my raising your salary, nor that I value your services. But I'll tell you what we can do. I'll take Reeves out of the small office and you can have it."

"What can I do with it?" she asked.

"You can work up a trade as a court reporter; charge prices that won't seem like highway robbery; in time hire a girl or two and become prosperous. You can still do some of my work at the old price and I'll pay you extra for any court work you do for me."

"But I can't take that office rent free," she objected.

"Yes, you can," he said, and smiled at her.

Suddenly Katherine knew why she had felt the shrinking sensation at

The story of a girl who suffered sacrifice and privation in silence till the error was made of putting another's price above her own

thought of seeking another position. She was in love with her employer.

Together they made over the small office. In time Katherine hired a girl to help her, then two, eventually three. Her business grew, but always she stayed in the little room John Arnold had given to her rent free, and always she managed to do his work on the original basis, even though with the years his practice grew and he attained to a fair degree of success.

But John Arnold, having settled the case of Katherine, straightway forgot her as an individual with an individual's problems. Oh, he'd have missed her achingly had she gone from his office, but he didn't know this, and she was there like a piece of proved and tried furniture toward which one would hold an unspoken sentiment.

With Katherine matters were different. She used to sit at her desk that faced the outside reception-door and watch for his appearance in the mornings. With the sure intuition of her love she knew just what mood he was in when he presented himself at that door. If he looked worried, she had a desperate feeling of gladness that she had arranged his desk and his papers and law bulletin so he would have the least possible strain in getting away to court.

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IF HE looked happy and eager to get to work, Katherine's heart sang, too, and she helped his carefree mood by smiling in an understanding way at him and reminding him of a case he had won yesterday. He always returned the smile, but never did he think of the Katherine behind the smile; that is, personally.

John Arnold was, after all, a bachelor with the blindness of the man who has lived alone for a long time. He thought of Katherine's strong qualities, her initiative and her perseverance in the terms that helped his law practice. But he didn't notice that she was fast growing out of girlhood and that often she wore a worried frown.

It is hard to be in love with a man whom you see every day and who doesn't see you. Katherine, when she had half an hour to herself, used to wonder how women attracted men's attentions, and the day a new woman client came into the office she watched John Arnold's brightening up and his quick survey of the woman's very pretty clothes. This gave Katherine pause, and an impulsive resolve formed within her. She would buy a new hat, and perhaps a blouse not altogether designed for utility purposes, a hat turned up at one side coquettishly with an outstaring perky bow.

There was a millinery shop near her home, and she meant to go there immediately after supper for the new hat. But when she opened her front door the futility of her dreaming on the usual things of woman swept over her. She heard Howard's voice. He was in the kitchen, talking to his mother.

"A fellow's no account in this burg unless he can keep up with the other fellows," he was saying.

"Katherine's awfully good to you, Howard," said Mrs. Sercombe, "and you know she had a big doctor's bill for me this spring."

Katherine went on out into the kitchen.

"Hello, sis," said Howard in his breezy way. "Steak for dinner, what do you think?"

"Good," said Katherine quietly. She

didn't know why she felt so let down, for she had entered into a homey atmosphere. Her mother at the stove, a patient, ailing little woman, looked around with that half-adoring, half-humble look of a mother wholly dependent upon an older daughter.

Katherine pulled out her hatpin.

"What were you saying about this burg, Howard?" she inquired.

"Oh, a fellow's got to keep up in clothes and money to spend or else he's looked down on; doesn't have any fun."

Katherine took in the lad's blue eyes, the tips that were perfect in shape above a weak chin, and then she spoke again as she thrust her hatpin through the one careful hole in her hat.

"What's he been teasing you for now, mother?"

"He wants a sweater with an embroidered letter like the other boys of the baseball club."

"Well now, sis, if you'd let me take a job instead of making me go through high and then to business college, I could buy my own sweater."

"We've talked that over often, Howard," said Katherine quietly. "How much will the sweater cost?"

"Eight dollars."

Katherine opened her purse. She didn't feel abused; she knew how a boy felt when he didn't have the things of other boys.

"I can get a job Saturdays driving Carleton's grocery wagon," said Howard with little enthusiasm.

"I want you to take a special class in mathematics Saturdays," returned Katherine patiently. Let's not go back on our plans."

That was as near as ever she came to reproving him.

"Better let mother see that you get a size large enough for you," she continued, handing Howard a few bills. After all her hat didn't matter. Besides at this moment of depression she felt that John Arnold would never notice any hat she might wear, new or old.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE fact that Howard didn't use the \$8 for the sweater should have given Katherine an insight into his lack of character. The boys of his club went out on a little excursion, and Howard couldn't be "cheap," as he had explained to his mother, whom he requested to pass on this information to Katherine.

Mrs. Sercombe did so. Katherine looked at her mother's apologetic face.

"Never mind, mother," she said; "they've said for a long time that boys will be boys."

"There's nothing wrong about Howard," said Mrs. Sercombe; "he's just a little heedless, that's all."

Well, perhaps there was nothing definitely bad in Howard. I think he was only pitifully weak. Weakness, however, can lead to results as dire as genuine wickedness. But Katherine held on to the fact that Howard was her brother and had been denied a father's care and discipline, and that as he grew older he would understand things better.

So she went on taking him through the phases of his temperamental young manhood. She undertook most of this work because her mother was not so strong as she used to be, and also because Katherine realized that while as a dear eldest daughter she was greatly beloved, all the mother's prides and hopes were centered in her son.

When Howard had graduated from high school and had passed through several months of business college he came in late one afternoon to see Katherine in her office. He was now nearly 20, tall and good looking, though his chin hadn't changed in contour.

He cast an eye over Katherine's girls and went on to his sister's desk. Howard, possessing a certain magnetic quality, springing partly from his youth and partly from his egotism, selected the youngest of the girls, at whom, when she looked up, he smiled.

He had not seen her before, and when she remained gazing down at her shorthand book with a perplexed frown, he went over to her.

"Stuck on your notes?" he asked.

"Yes; it's some new testimony Miss Sercombe's taking on the school board case."

She turned a pair of rather colorless eyes upon him, and a kind of shock went through him. She was older than he, and appeared like a full-blown rose hastening to a too rapid fulfillment. Being young, Howard went silent; being spoiled at the hands of two women, he found his tongue sooner than another lad might.

♦ ♦ ♦

HOW long have you been working for my sister, Miss —?" he inquired.

"Stevens. I've been here about two weeks."

"I knew I hadn't seen you before."

She looked at him again, and announced:

"I've seen your picture on your sister's desk. It isn't a bit flattering."

He leaned down closer to her.

"Say," he whispered, "could I see you some time, somewhere?"

"I think you could," she whispered back.

Katherine entered at the moment. She had two shorthand books under her arm, and she called at once to her most efficient girl:

"I've Judge Magrader's opinion in the school board case, which I'll dictate later," she said. "Will you go to the law library and look up the case of *Binkins vs. Burton*, 84 Illinois, 537. Get me the fourth paragraph."

The girl nodded, took up her book and departed. Katherine turned to Howard. She looked at his hair, newly cut; his freshly shaven young face, his ingenuous blue eyes.

"Well, Howard," she said, "want to see me about anything in particular?"

"Yes," he said, "I've something to say to you."

There was an earnestness about him that brought a smile to Katherine's lips.

"Well, go ahead," she said. "I've got to get back to court for a few minutes before Judge Magrader adjourns. He's late today."

"I don't want to go into business," Howard blurted out. "I want to break into the newspaper game; get my experience there, and then write."

"Oh," said Katherine. And then: "You must know that any decision you make now is a serious one that will affect your entire future." She did not mean to be stern. She was like a mother, hope springing externally in her breast that her young one might be gifted beyond his fellows. To write! She was thrilled!

Howard set his lips.

"I've thought and thought of the whole thing, Kit," he answered, "and nothing will change me. If you can't help me, of course —"

"You know I'll help you," said Katherine. "Remember, you'll have to start at the bottom."

"I'll show them," said Howard.

So Katherine, who had done special copying work for Richard Crosby, city editor of the *People's Opinion*, managed to get Howard on that paper as a sort of

wanted to study abroad. Father might well have advanced the money. Instead he forced Lionel into a situation where the Parrish offer had to be accepted."

"It was nothing to keep around for a woman in her condition to stare at," continued the contemner.

"He paid for his folly," said Alice Tracy colorlessly. "Perhaps we are not the judges, after all. And his wife—"

"I well remember her," said the oldest of the trio. "She was a pretty girl. I remember when he brought her home as a bride. The Lennmoors were a fine family. Amy Lennmoore—Amy Hempstead who was—belonged to the D. A. R. herself. But I always thought Lionel's wife was a little weak!"

"It was only her slenderness that made her appear so," said Ann Tracy. She had never liked the fresh-checked girl in the flesh, but the older woman's bickering stirred the antagonism in her blood. "She was bright and capable enough for all that."

"I invited her out to Cambridge just three days beforehand," said the grand-aunt. She bridled and stared around as if challenging denial of the implication that her unheeded prescience might have saved the situation. "How different it might have been if only she had accepted."

"She loved to watch Lionel work," remarked Ann irrelevantly. "I remember how she'd stand behind him for hours, watching every stroke of his brush. He declared it never made him nervous, either. But if any of the rest of us so much as passed behind him—"

"You could hear his protest all over the house," concluded Alice resentfully. "He said she had a sympathetic viewpoint."

"The more compliment for the rest of us, then." It was Grand-aunt Hope Allen who delivered the dictum. "We've never gone in for daubing. It seems to bring its own punishment."

"Was she in the room the night that—that it happened?"

"Yes," said the old woman. "I waited almost four months to find out. Three days after the baby came she told me. It was about 5 in the afternoon. I went in softly and found her awake. Her eyes had lost that terrible, dazed expression. She held out her hand and I took it and sat down on the bed. For a long time she lay there without speaking."

"I was standing in the doorway," she began quite abruptly. "It was about 3 o'clock. Only the green studio lamp was burning in the library. Lionel was sitting at one end of the fireplace reading. I remember how the light shimmered in the waves of his hair. I had intended to ask him to walk over to Marbury's with me."

"The rest of the room was in shadow. There was a cloth over the unfinished canvas. I think that it was crouching behind the easel. Anyway, I suddenly saw a long arm reaching—reaching up for the gavel!"

"Who really screamed?" queried Ann Tracy impatiently.

"I was getting to that. Mrs. Martin said that she heard Margaret shriek. Perhaps it was the Thing that screeched. We never knew."

"And the marks on Margaret's arm?"

"She never explained that. I think she might have if it hadn't been for that red-headed simpleton from Macy's drug store. You remember what frightful red

hair he had? Well, he entered just then, and Margaret got a glimpse of that copper hair against the curtains. She screamed like an animal and burrowed under the bed clothes. I thought I'd go insane myself before Dr. Beardsley arrived."

"He gave her a sedative and she slept the rest of the night. But the next morning the old blank look was in her eyes."



Outside the door Margaret Tracy stood flattened against the curtains.

She had one other lucid interval. It was one afternoon when Dr. Hale had dropped in. I heard them talking, and waited until he came out on the porch.

"What did she say, doctor?" I asked. "He lit a cigar very deliberately and seemed to stare right through me."

"Nothing that would help a woman with imagination," he answered shortly, and went on down the road."

"Hale always was a freak!" exclaimed Alice Tracy. "They say he had an article in the state medical journal denying the theory of prenatal influence!"

"The more fool he, then," concluded Ann tartly. "No wonder his practice dwindled."

"He had a cutting tongue in his head, too," added Mrs. Allen. "I remember asking him if the—the affair would have any effect on little Margaret."

"With a little more diligence on your part," he said, staring at me with those big black eyes, "it certainly might have!"

"Well, he's gone now," said Ann, almost with satisfaction. "There's nothing to be gained by making ghosts walk."

"There's enough of them walking here," said Alice.

Silence descended, save for the creak-

ing of the rockers and the tapping of Ann Tracy's foot upon the floor. Outside the door Margaret Tracy stood, flattened against the curtains. Her face was white and her teeth were clenched grimly. She was making progress.

"I've always wondered who screamed," persisted the older woman.

"What difference does it make—now?" asked Alice with some asperity.

ting out in the porch chair father fitted up for her. It caused some little talk at the time."

"They say Lionel had fallen over against the easel," remarked Ann.

"He did," said Mrs. Allen. "That's what made me wonder."

"Wonder?"

The Tracy sisters uttered the exclamation in unison, their voices quick with incipient hysteria.

"Yes," said the old woman softly. She leaned across the little table and

spoke in a low voice. "He fixed the easel that morning for the best light effect. It was fully eight feet from the mantel—where the gavel had rested—and hardly three from the window!"

"Good God!—you don't think Keith Harkness—?"

Margaret Tracy, flattened against the red curtains, thought it was Alice who had spoken. Their voices had a queer, taut quality that made them hard to differentiate.

"No, I don't!" said Mrs. Allen. The years seemed dropping away from her bone frame and her old assured manner was returning. "But I think that Keith knows who struck Lionel with the gavel!"

"Knows! Why, of course he knows. He—" Alice's voice faded into uneasy silence.

"Margaret's uncle was found dead, you'll remember, under very similar circumstances. It was only about three years before the marriage. He'd been sitting with his back to the lamp reading. Some one cried out. They rushed in and found him—like—like Lionel!"

"There was a rumor about some Lennmoore who sailed," said Alice quietly. "Father used to say that it was whispered about the Bedford water front that too many men were lost from the Mercy Lennmoore."

"Generally at the wheel," added Hope Allen. "I don't know much about sailing ships, but I understand that there is a light in the binnacle. It illumines the helmsman's face and head."

"So you think it was hereditary, then—on—on her part?" faltered Ann.

"Don't put words in my mouth, Ann Tracy!" commanded the old woman sharply. "I simply said that I thought Keith Harkness knew who had struck the blow."

"I've heard of homicidal manias," said Alice. "But—why should she have screamed?"

"We do not know that it was her," said the older woman. "Poor Mrs. Martin was a deaf old fool. She thought it was Margaret. It might have been Keith—or the THING! I've sometimes thought that Lionel himself turned just in time to look into the eyes of—whoever killed him!"

Again the creaking of the rockers, faster now and more clearly audible in the utter silence.

"You were the first in the room—afterward, weren't you?" Alice cleared her voice raspingly to put the query.

"Yes," said Mrs. Allen. "Margaret was lying prone across the threshold. Blood was trickling down her arm from the torn sleeve. Lionel was lying face upward. He never stirred again. The contusion was on the top of the head. Dr. Beardsley said the blow wasn't necessarily delivered from behind."

"And the Thing—?"

"It was crouched down in the corner, screeching and chattering in the most frightful fashion imaginable. It seemed

Mrs. Allen didn't accept the gauge of battle. Her mind seemed moving again through the events of the fatal evening years before.

"From where Lionel was sitting," she resumed, "he could have been struck from the fireplace—or the open window. Keith Harkness was on the porch. He said he had just come up to ask your father for the use of the hayrake on the Jasper meadow. I remember rushing out from Mrs. Martin's next door. Keith was the first person I encountered. His face was chalk-white and he was shaking all over."

"What has happened?" I asked.

"In there," was all he answered. He pointed with a shaking finger toward the open window. Sometimes I think it was Keith who screamed. Yet afterward he repeatedly declared he hadn't seen anything of the affair. It sounded like his voice, though. It was too hoarse for a woman's."

"I wonder why he'd never discuss it," said Alice.

"I think he was fond of Margaret," added Ann. "I remember the queer way he used to stare at her when she was sit-

reporter at the salary of \$12 a week. Howard was overjoyed. He spoke of himself within a week as being in the newspaper game, and he met Maizie Stevens one night and took her to supper in a queer little cafe he had discovered since he had been foraging about a bit.

He found the girl very responsive and very confiding, and so inspiringly full of belief in him and in his future. He sought her out time and time again. They became fast friends, and though she was older than he, she had a gratifying way of deferring to him on nearly every subject that came up for discussion. When she did dissent, it merely added zest to a situation in which Howard felt himself very much a man of the world.

It was a trifle disconcerting to him, therefore, after a few weeks' acquaintance to find himself rather tiring of Maizie. He discovered her on his hands at most unpropitious times, when the boys at the office, for instance, wished to go out for a lark. He began to resent her air of proprietorship.

He didn't know quite how to handle the case.

Perhaps it was merely coincidental that at about this time Katherine was annoyed by Maizie Stevens' growing inefficiency. She was always kind and patient with her girls, because she realized that court reporting was a hard job. But added to Maizie's inefficiency was flighty impudence. She resented any word that remotely sounded like criticism, and she was herself the judge.

After some thought Katherine decided to let the girl go. And so one day at a suggestive moment Katherine called Maizie to her.

"You'd do better, perhaps," said Katherine after a kindly preface, "as a private stenographer. My work is hard, I know; some girls just aren't fitted for it."

"It's just as well," said Maizie, twist-

ing a ring about on her finger, "that I stop working. I'm going to marry your brother."

Katherine said nothing. She didn't let the girl guess that her words were a shock. She hadn't known that Howard had kept up his acquaintance with Maizie outside the office. She stole a glance at the inexpressive face and wondered that she had been so blind to Maizie's true status. A feeling of strong distaste that she must breathe the same air made her faint. Then she looked closer, and a throb of pity removed all other feeling. She remembered experiences of her own early youth, when she faced the world alone with no helping hand near. With the breadth that characterized her she realized how easy it would be for some natures, a bit of stiffening left out of the fiber, to slide along the way of least resistance.

SO SEEING Maizie's poor, bedraggled little soul, she spoke gently.

"See here, Maizie," she said, "of course it wouldn't be fair for you to marry my brother. Your purposes aren't high enough."

This was too far beyond Maizie's understanding, who only stared her bewildered. But the bewilderment vanished and a very greedy light came into her eyes when Katherine began to talk in terms she could understand.

Katherine, recognizing the type she had to deal with, went to John Arnold with a paper she had drawn up for Maizie to sign. He frowned as he heard the story, added a clinching sentence and returned the paper to Katherine.

"Young cub ought to be whipped," he muttered.

"Well, I can't whip him, you know," Katherine returned, smiling.

He looked up at her and smiled, too, in his usual impersonal manner, and then suddenly it was forced in on him that Katherine looked rather worn down, and he felt uncomfortably and strangely moved. He wasn't accustomed to diagnosing his own

symptoms, so he said gruffly: "Can't you get away for a rest? I'll get Miss Gray to run things for you."

"I don't need a rest," said Katherine.

How could she ever go away and leave him to the tender mercies of a mere law clerk! She felt herself absolutely necessary to his welfare, even though he never guessed her need in his life.

"Well," he said, "I don't want you to break down from overwork and worry over that young cub." And he finished: "For two pins I'd go and lick him myself!"

Which statement cheered Katherine immensely.

Katherine's mother was growing old and needed now more than ever little luxuries, and, during Katherine's absence, trained attendance. Her hopes were all centered in her boy. For Katherine's future she held no fears, for Katherine had been always strong and capable. She knew nothing of Howard's falls by the road and dreamed her dreams of the great man he was to be.

Katherine knew all that lay in her mother's heart, and urged Howard on to his best. But Howard just then was in a state of revolt against all things traditional or smacking, as he phrased it, of "sham sentimentality."

"Well, it isn't sham sentimentality to make mother happy," said Katherine rather sharply.

"I'm gaining valuable experience as I go along," said Howard largely. "I'm learning to be fearless and fling the gauntlet at authority."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Howard, what are you talking about?" cried Katherine, who knew only the doctrine that she loved work and that sacrifice brought nights of sweet rest. And then, half-frightened and remembering sundry of Howard's escapades: "Howard, don't do anything foolish."

"Kate," he said gently, "I don't expect you to enter into the motives of my life. So Katherine gave up."

One bright winter day Katherine was

summoned home, to find her mother very ill. Pneumonia, said the doctor, and gave no hope.

All that night Katherine sat close beside her mother. Howard did not return home. But this was not unusual, since he was often sent out on a night assignment.

But he did not return home the next day, nor the next, and on the fourth day the doctor saw the end at hand. The mother lay dying and calling weakly for her boy.

The day wore on till night descended, and Katherine, heart weary, went for the fiftieth time to the telephone and called up Howard's paper. This time she got Richard Crosby, the city editor. He had been out of town.

"Your brother?" he answered. "He hasn't shown up here for two days."

"Where can he be?"

"You might send some one to Black Peter's," he answered cautiously.

"Black Peter's!" Everybody who read the newspapers knew Black Peter's, hang-out for all the derelicts of society.

"Down on the river front?" asked Katherine, sure at heart.

"Yes," said Crosby.

An hour later Katherine went out into a pitch-dark night. She would trust no one else to go after Howard. Her pride alone forbade that. She took three cars, alighted, walked several blocks, and came at last to a dingy, outlying part of the city. Another block and she came to the river and Black Peter's.

KATHERINE for a sobbing moment drew in her breath. Then gathering all her courage, she pushed open a richly door and entered the place.

A white-aproned man stood behind a small bar wiping glasses. He turned to look at Katherine, and stood surprised beyond a word of comment. He wasn't sure, white faced, frightened as she looked, that she might not be an apparition risen from the black river.

Katherine heard voices from the rear room and went on. There at a table with two other men sat Howard. He was in shirt sleeves, his coat thrown on a chair in the corner of the room. Bottles and empty glasses were on the table, and large sheets of foolscap lay on the floor, dropped from the hands of drunken propagandists.

Was it in this sodden atmosphere he

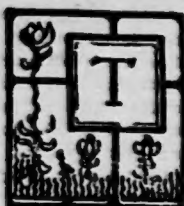
A man stood behind a bar wiping glasses. He turned to look at Katherine, and stood surprised beyond a word of comment.



THE GHOST WALKERS

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



HE very small girl squirmed uneasily before the stony scrutiny of the three women. Her aunts were themselves rather flinty creatures, with chill gray eyes and straight hair

combed smoothly backward. The other woman was gray and thin and austere, with harsh nose-to-mouth lines and a high, narrow forehead. They all sat very still in the gloomy old library and stared at the little girl.

She was a chubby youngster, with bright, apple-red cheeks and blue-black hair, cut in straight bangs over her wide brown eyes. Her little shoes were coarse and stubby and the frock was a funeral affair of plain black, faced with white at the yoke and on the cuffs. It was an incongruous attire for a roly-poly youngster of 4. But the chubby pink countenance was serious enough, and in the gold-flecked amber of the eyes were strange haunting shadows.

Against the red velvet portieres she stood like a Franz Hals painting and stared at the other occupants of the room. The tall, gray-haired woman sat across the table from her aunts. She beckoned the youngster to her.

"Here, child," she commanded crisply, "I want to see your hands."

The girl went over slowly and stiffly proffered one grimy little fist. The woman opened the moist pink fingers.

"They're long," she said, shooting a quick glance at the two sisters. They seemed to stir uneasily, and their pallid eyes roved away from the sharp blue ones of the visitor.

"The thumb is too short," said Ann Tracy in a strangely hushed voice.

"Too short," amended Alice, with a little catch in her throat.

"Yes," said the visitor. "And the angle is just—just a little—queer!"

Silence descended upon the little group, during which time the child stood painfully self-conscious, affecting to stare unconcernedly about the gloomy room. It was very depressing in the big library that had formerly reflected the sunlight from gleaming floors and enameled woodwork. Now the blinds were always drawn. The stiff, close-lipped repression of the three women who stared at her so uncannily chilled her baby mind with formless foreboding.

After she was dismissed again she toddled around the side of the house and showed her little pink hands to the gardener. Her grave eyes were lifted inquiringly to the old man's wrinkled face. He smiled down at her and extracted from his pocket a big yellow apple.

"And nice little fists they are, too," he averred heartily. "Don't let anybody tell you otherwise. Here's an apple now, and run along."

She walked away slowly—spontaneously was strangely lacking in the child—and it seemed that the gardener had said something under his breath about "damn foolishness." She cherished the words in awed memory, often looking at her own little fists and uttering them solemnly, as if repeating a ritual.

THE solemn eyes beneath the straight bangs kindled a little whenever she saw the old man's stooped figure. After that there was a subtle bond between them. Sometimes when the elderly sisters spoke too harshly to her she went out into the old man's domain and crept under the currant bushes to cry.

Frequently the gardener discovered her there and sat down and took the crumpled and forlorn little figure in his arms and awkwardly wiped the tears away with a great bandana handkerchief. Always after one of these incidents he would stamp away, muttering

They said the girl's hands looked queer, and through the years stalked the ghost of superstition. The folly of prenatal influence

angrily to himself. When Margaret was 12 he died.

She cried for two days, and then, when crying was forbidden her, dried her tears. After that she cried secretly, welcoming the luxury of clandestine grief afforded her by the afternoon absences of her aunts at sewing circle and library board meetings.

The tall, strange old lady came again when she was 14. She held the girl's profile against the background of chintz curtain and seemed to be making comparisons with some picture in a small morocco-bound book. Across the same table, looking older now and thinner and more austere, sat the sisters with whom the child led a purgatorial existence.

Very deliberately, with that strange amorphous memory stirring in her brain, the girl placed one hand upon the table.

"My fingers are long," she said quietly.

IN THEIR consternation the others failed to detect the half-defiant note in her voice.

"Who's been talking to you—about your hands?" asked Ann Tracy sharply.

"The girls at school," she replied. She had quite glibly, with a quick pang of startled wonderment at her own deceit. "They said that my thumb was awfully short and—sort of funny."

The quick exchange of glances was not lost upon the pale-faced, long-legged girl. She stared from one to the other with eager, searching eyes. They seemed to avoid her glance. She observed, however, that her aged grandaunt's eyes were sharp, with a birdlike brightness. The old woman was very much excited.

"You may return to your practicing," directed Alice Tracy.

She was never asked into the library again.

But she didn't go back to her practicing. Instead, she waited in the gloomy hall, concealed by the swaying red velvet portieres, eavesdropping avidly. There ensued a long period of utter silence. Then:

"She climbs trees uncannily," declared Ann Tracy.

"Climbs?" shrieked the older woman. "Surely you don't permit that. Why, I'd thrash her within—"

"We don't permit it," interrupted Alice quickly. Her tones were tinged with asperity. "You might have known that. Ann forbade it at once. Said that it wasn't ladylike. As for punishing her, we've never found it necessary."

"She's obedient enough," supplemented Ann.

"Stolid, I'd say," amended their aunt. "Did you ever see such a solemn child in your life?"

"There's good enough reason, no doubt," declared Alice. "It was just four months to a day—afterward!"

"There's no mark, of course," added Ann. "Unless you'd call the hands—"

The older woman snorted impatiently.

"It doesn't have to be physical," she declared. "How often have I told you that? Dr. Beardsley has made a study of—of such cases. He says that the mental impression is the thing to be feared. He thinks the dangerous period will be the corresponding age."

"Then we've got six years for delightful expectation," remarked Alice with bitter irony. "And afterward—"

"If nothing develops then, it might—it may be all right to encourage young men to call. If she were mine, however, I'd dread the thought. And really, the indi-

vidual is of less consequence than the line of—"

"I'd say you made a fetish of the—thing," interrupted Ann tartly. "Goodness knows, the strain has been telling enough without your gloomy predictions. Dr. Hale scoffs at the whole idea."

"Dr. Hale is a fool and an upstart," declared the older woman. "He's full of radical theories of all kinds. And he wasn't there the night she died. Otherwise he might talk differently."

The old woman stared across the room, her eyes filmed with retrospection.

"She was resting easily enough," she said half aloud. She seemed to be marshaling facts grown rusty with receding years. "We'd moved the cradle up beside the bed. She said that she was thirsty. It was a warm, humid June night, one of those muggy affairs, with frequent flashes of heat lightning. Your father was out on the porch, alone, rocking and smoking after his usual solitary practice."

"While returning I heard him cry out sharply. He'd turned just in time. During my absence she had gotten out of bed and crept into the library. Your father heard the window shade behind him rustle suddenly. She had his old speaker's gavel in her hand. And she was creeping—positively creeping—up on him. It took the two of us to get her back in bed. I think it was merciful Providence that prompted him to turn when he did."

Ann had gasped audibly at the climax of the recital. Alice was pacing up and down the room. From her place of concealment the girl could hear the aged boards creaking under her aunt's feet. Then the screen door slammed sharply and she sped silently upstairs.

In her own room, with the little oil paintings of the New England landscape, its braided rugs and white enameled furnishings, she sat on the edge of the bed and thought. Her heart pounded tumultuously and her brain milled over a thousand formless fears.

WHAT was the terrible fate lowering imminent at "the same age"? Why was she continually the subject of grim-lipped scrutiny and furtive conferences?

The question remained through the years. It was a barrier between her and the natural companionship of other young people. It obtruded its sinister shadow into all her waking dreams and reveries. More and more she sought solitude. More and more she frequented the secluded banks of Wallace Creek.

There was a melancholy pleasure in brooding there alone during the long summer afternoons when the sunlight, filtering through the trees, made golden patterns in the deep brown water. It was sadly pleasant to think that one was not like others, that somewhere hung Titanic tragedy, soon to descend upon one's head. She even thought that the other young people regarded her curiously, and with latent fear, as if she bore a curse.

Bob Halliday's coming, in her twentieth year, partly broke the spell of brooding isolation. For two or three delicious weeks his yellow roadster stopped frequently in front of the Tracy home-stand. Then abruptly he stopped coming. When she met him his greeting was very casual, and he hurried by, shamefacedly. She didn't understand it at first. Then rose the old memories. In a burst of rare confidence Edna Rudridge told her.

"It's your Aunt Ann's fault," she said. "She made some kind of a queer call on

Bob's mother. Mrs. Halliday made Bob promise not to call upon you again. I don't know what your folks have against Bob. I think he was a terrible softy to promise anything of the kind, though. Don't you?"

Bob's disaffection left her alone again through the still August afternoons. She walked over the little rustic bridge of Wallace Creek until she reached the point of deepest shadow. The little bridge was on the Tracy estate and seldom visited. Over the silent water the great beech trees spread broad branches, making its course a softly shaded cavern of rustling foliage. The still procession of leaves and twigs on the surface of the golden brown water fascinated her.

IT SEEMED that in the same impotent fashion she was drifting into a dim sea of imminent trouble. After the Halliday episode she had asked Alice Tracy, as the less granite-hearted of the two sisters, what it was all about. The older woman rose very slowly and came over and placed her hands on the girl's shoulders.

"Never ask me again," she said. Her colorless lips were trembling and the lean, blue-veined hands shook perceptibly. "I pray nightly that—that our fears may never be realized. It is a matter better not discussed. Seek your peace of mind with Him who directs all and Whose workings are merciful, though inscrutable."

It was a grim and meager consolation. The coupling of her plight with the awful New England deity worked contrary to Alice Tracy's best intentions. In the young girl's mind it recruited heaven to the standards of those who held close-lipped, furtive conversation behind the swaying portieres of the interdicted room. Staring over the railing of the bridge, she meditated upon the tantalizing allusions to the mystery of the Tracy library.

For years she had been a shameless eavesdropper. Her piqued curiosity had flamed forth in a bitter disregard for the ethics of the thing. She had wanted to know! The coming of the old woman—no longer so tall because bowed with years—was always a signal for strategic efforts to bare the whole secret. Invariably, as if drawn by the fascinating horror of the theme, they repaired to the library and talked in hushed accents.

She caught strange allusions to herself, queer, veiled references to others, and to happenings that apparently antedated her birth.

"I always feared it," said Alice on the occasion of Margaret's eighteenth birthday. "I begged Lionel not to keep it around. He invariably retired behind the contract."

"Mr. Moffett read it to us—after—after that," faltered Ann. "It expressly stipulated that a living model be employed."

"He might have made other arrangements, then," declared Hope Allen querulously. "It was hardly the thing to attempt at home. But it was a judgment, I say—a judgment on a man who preferred painting unclothed hussies to embracing the ministry with which the Tracys have so long been honorably identified."

She no longer spoke so crisply or tersely. Her voice varied in key and her utterances rambled along with the irrelevant garrulity of advancing age.

"He was a very good artist," defended Alice. "Dr. Hale says he would have received the academy medal in another three years. And when the opportunity came to illustrate Huntington Parrish's book—"

"A silly, grotesque fiction thing," sniffed Mrs. Allen.

Ann Tracy came to the rescue of her brother's memory.

"There were several reasons why he needed the commission," she said. "He

was learning to be fearless? To fling the gauntlet at authority?

One of the men started forward, lurching toward Katherine with a maudlin sentiment of welcome at his lips, but she pushed by him till she stood close to her brother.

"Howard," she said, "I've come to take you home!"

He scowled angrily at her.

"I'm no baby," he said; "why did you follow me here?" Then he began to laugh in hysterical manner.

"Get your coat on!" said Katherine sharply, "and come out into the air."

He obeyed her, sobered by something new in her face. They stood at last under the sky. Dirty odors rose from the river. A girl passed, singing some popular song.

"I'm not ready to go home," said Howard.

"Yes, you are," said Katherine, and then with no attempt to soften the blow, "Mother is dying."

Howard stood perfectly still, then in trembling silence he stepped by Katherine's side.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHEN it was all over, the house denuded, life taken up again in a strange boarding-house, Katherine re-

turned to her work. John Arnold expressed his very real sympathy for her loss, her girls looked pityingly at her, and days went on as usual, till entered, for a brief moment, Daisy Leonard.

Daisy Leonard, Howard's latest girl, sweet, innocuous, exceedingly average, spelled Katherine's emancipation from the everlasting burden of Howard (he had lost his job on the newspaper and Katherine was paying his board), and who made the fulfillment of Katherine's love story possible.

It all happened in this way: Katherine had sent home her girls and had remained to type a very important brief containing secret evidence for Mr. Arnold, who, to save time, was dictating directly to the machine.

Suddenly the door opened, and there entered Howard and Daisy. Katherine stopped her flying fingers; John Arnold, with a little sigh, suspended his dictation. Katherine said:

"Is there anything I can do, Howard?"

"I've got to see a man," Howard answered promptly; "it'll take me about half an hour, so I brought Daisy here to wait."

"Take Daisy to some public waiting-room," Katherine suggested, having in mind the important brief. "We're awfully busy now."

Hot indignation flamed into Howard's face. He spoke in emphatic disapproval.

"Katherine," he said, calling her so for the first time in many moons, "I wouldn't let Daisy stay alone in a public waiting-room for anything you could offer me. Some ordinary brute might look at her."

Daisy simpered prettily at the glance Howard turned upon her—a glance that lifted her out of the class of mere sinning mortals in which Katherine belonged and put her in the shining angel corps.

♦ ♦ ♦

SUDDENLY a blazing flame lit itself within Katherine, a fury that bit into her. Through a haze she beheld Daisy's inane little face; Daisy the sheltered, the protected! Of all the indignities Howard had caused her to suffer, this last indignity ranked harshest, keenest-biting of all.

With a quick movement she rose from her chair, faced Howard, began to speak in a voice strangely unhurried and cool, despite the passion raging hot within her.

"For nearly thirty-five years," she said, "I've gone alone in this world. I've sat alone in public waiting-rooms, I've gone seeking my bread; gone up against all sorts of unsavory experiences. I've

been leered at, spoken to—I've learned something of men and women, their weaknesses and their strengths. I've walked at night the vilest street in America by the darkest flowing river. But have you ever thought my luster might be dimmed? Have you, has anyone ever cared that a brute might cast lusting eyes on me?" She drew herself up superbly. "Am I a less worthy woman?"

Howard did not answer. For a second he stared at his transfigured sister, then with a wholly masculine gesture he put his elbow on Daisy's little elbow and conveyed her tenderly out of the smothering atmosphere.

After a moment Katherine turned to look at John Arnold, who had risen and stood facing her. The blood was still hot in her face, her eyes were like live coals flashing from beneath her level brows. And for the first time John Arnold was seeing her with a vision that all the years of steady service had failed to rouse in him. This indignant woman was human, alive!

"Katherine," he said softly. "Katherine, I care—"

She wanted to cry for some reason, but it was so steady to feel his protecting arms about her, drawing her close.

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The Magic Spell of Tatai Kuli

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by Henry Thiede



SANTA FE—there are hundreds of Filipino towns that bear that anything but fitting name, but the Santa Fe of Bulobulo Island is unlike all the others. Its foundations were built

some forty years ago by Spaniards, who sought to make Bulobulo one of the garden spots of the Philippines. The Visayans who now inhabit the island will tell you that every one of the conquistadores went insane and died deaths of violence because of a certain magic spell that was cast upon them; and old and wrinkled and ornamentally-scarred Tatai Kuli, who never got over having his authority as high and more or less mighty ruler of Bulobulo set at naught, swore by all the saints that the spell was his.

And it was.

Santa Fe lies on low ground, between the bay shore and an encircling line of hills that are covered with guava bushes and seraya trees. The town consists chiefly of native huts of bamboo and pipe, which resemble nothing so much as they resemble haystacks. However, the buildings of the ill-fated Spaniards still stand, though they bear heavy marks of the passing years; they are of wood and stone, and of two stories, and each has its inner court and its outside upstairs balcony.

Company L of the —th made the big, old and four-square Tribunal Building its quarters. The first floor was used as storehouse and guardhouse, kitchen and dining-room; they slept upstairs. Company L was worn out from a long and hard campaign against the forces of General del Pilar in the Laguna country, and it had been bundled off to Bulobulo to do garrison duty and rest, with rations for a month.

♦ ♦ ♦

PRIVATE JIM ARNOLD, lanky and sunburned Kentuckian, who might have been a noncommissioned officer had it not been that that would have rather sharply curtailed his liberties, hailed Santa Fe with delight. The story of the insane Spaniards lent an air of deepest mystery to the place, and happy-go-lucky Jim Arnold was an adventurer born.

"We'll have a big time here," he told the Visayan boy whom the company called its mascot. "We'll begin exploring right off, Pepe."

Little Pepe hated Tatai Kuli, so when he saw a chance to both avenge himself and serve his master he took full advantage of it

Little Pepe Malano frowned and shook his brown head.

"This place much bad," he declared. "You wait, you see, Don Jaime."

He saluted with the precision of a disciplinarian. He was forever thus saluting Jim Arnold, whom he insisted upon calling, almost reverently, Don Jaime.

Pepe Malano was a sea-rat. He had been born on the sea of a Visayan mother. All but one of his thirteen years he had spent on copra and abaca trading schooners, and it was this varied association with various skippers and crews that had taught him to speak most of the tribal dialects of the Philippines, Spanish and Chino; company L had taught him a fair smattering of English. A drunken Tagal sailor had thrown him overboard in the bay at San Fernando de la Union, Luzon; Jim Arnold had rescued him from the very teeth of a tiger shark—and for that he loved Jim Arnold with a love that was to last as long as his life lasted. He really cared nothing for the other members of the company; but he tried hard to like them because they were the countrymen and comrades of his Don Jaime.

"You're not afraid here, are you, kid?" smiled the Kentuckian.

Pepe shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands, tricks of manner that he had doubtless learned from the Spaniard. One never could even guess what it meant. Arnold snatched him up, threw him into the air and caught him, laughed and put him down. He liked the boy almost as well as the boy liked him.

When retreat of the company's second evening in Santa Fe de la Bulobulo was over Arnold found his bed neatly made down, his canteen hanging dripping full on the wall, his extra shoes polished and his extra clothing as clean as water and native soap could make it. This was the work of Pepe; he always did this when opportunity afforded.

The boy stood near by, his brown eyes filled with the soft light of that doglike

affection of his, and waited for Arnold's usual protest. To Pepe those protests were always wholly complimentary.

"Look here, son," the American growled, "don't do this any more. I'm able to do my own washing, make down my own bed and fill my own canteen. Do you sabb?"

Pepe saluted.

"Me, I go saca grub, Don Jaime," said he. "Saca banana; saca cocunut; saca rice and fecsh—bud-bud."

"Saca nothing!" objected Arnold. "We got plenty grub, Pepe. I saw you talking with that old sharp-toothed Tatai Kuli this afternoon, kid," he went on; "what did he have to say about us?"

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Visayan boy's brows tightened. Then he spoke:

"Don Jaime, that Tatai Kuli he say mucho malo Americano!"

"Yes?"

"Si—yes! He say companee L all go bughoo quick, all same Espaneeh!"

"Company L is to go crazy all the same Spanish, eh?" laughed Arnold. "I very seriously doubt it, Pepe. You can't throw heathen spells over American soldiers, you know."

But he did not doubt it quite so seriously a week later! He was now not so sure of the American soldier's ability to withstand heathen spells. For all the other members of the company were beginning to say and do things that sounded and seemed decidedly queer. Their eyes were restless and shifting, and their countenances were unnatural.

Two more days and matters were worse. Jim Arnold was sorely puzzled, and one of the points that concerned him most was this: Why was he, too, not touched by that strange and nervous high tension that had come upon the others in such a subtle manner?

On the next evening at retreat First Sergeant McCord deliberately began at the end instead of at the beginning, and called the roll backward! Then he faced about, saluted the company's command-

er, and said, instead of the customary "All present or accounted for, sir":

"What'll we do with 'em, sir, d—n 'em?" very solemnly.

"March 'em into the sea, sir, d—n 'em!" was the quick answer; and it came with a sort of insane bitterness. The captain himself had not escaped the magic spell of Tatai Kuli!

For a moment Jim Arnold felt as a man would feel if he sat on a barrel of powder that was ready to explode. Then somebody laughed a ringing, uproarious laugh—and in another moment the entire company, save Arnold, had taken it up in a wild glee.

Bad as the situation still was, the one unaffected man felt a great relief. Why, he asked himself yet again, was he spared from the visitation of that queer malady that had laid hold on the nerves and brains of his comrades?

The company's cook talked of famines and plagues, and refused to serve anything but the hardest of hardtack for supper. Whereupon that mad company broke into the kitchen and helped itself to whatever it found there, and raw bacon was easily the favorite.

Jim Arnold, sickened and helpless and half afraid, went to little Pepe Malano and frowned upon him so heavily that the boy quite forgot to raise his small brown hand in a salute.

"Better come out of this, muchacho," he said sharply. "They may decide to eat you."

Pepe obediently followed his god down to the bay shore, and the pair sat down on the still warm sand. The sun was just sinking into the rim of the restless western sea. The night birds were beginning to call to one another across the jungles, and there came, at short intervals, the guttural "acquo!" of a yellow iguana. A great long-winged fowl flew over from a salt marsh and added its grating "wak!-wak!" to the sinister echoes of insane laughter that rang in the Kentuckian's ears.

Suddenly Arnold's eyes lighted. He half turned and dropped a hand on Pepe Malano's shoulder.

"You've got something to do with this, kid!" he snapped, "and don't you deny it. Now tell me, why is it that I, too, am not bughouse, loco? You are saving me, and you've got to save the others. If you don't, I'll throw you back to the tiger shark! Out with it, you brown imp!"

Pepe shrugged his Latin shrug.

"How should I know, Don Jaime,

"Who?" he said in fair Spanish. The genuine innocence of his countenance should have disarmed Arnold of his suspicions, but it didn't. Arnold was beyond himself. He rose and jerked the boy to his feet.

"Out with it!" he clipped.

Pepe concealed his hurt, shrugged again, and made no reply.

This further angered the white man. Another moment and the little Visayan boy was bent across the big American's knee, and a big American hand was being plied vigorously, almost cruelly.

"Now," said Arnold, releasing the lad—"now will you tell?"

"Ah, Don Jaime," Pepe said very quietly—he scorned to show the pain of his punishment—"me no got know."

"Then go and find out something about it. Make talk-talk with these people of yours. You're not likely to find Tatai Kuli, for I've hunted the town over half a dozen times for him. Go on! Make talk-talk; find out something about it; get me?"

Pepe turned and disappeared in that mysterious way all Visayans have of disappearing. Arnold, a little ashamed of himself because of the spanking he had given the boy, went toward the old Tribunal.

When he reached the quarters building he saw that every sentry had left his post. The guard-house itself was deserted!

Upstairs, the goings on of the other men would have been out of place in any asylum for the insane. Some of them sat here and there on the floor, playing as children play. A formerly sober old sergeant stood in a corner with a haversack pulled over his head. One small private had drawn on and belted his blue shirt in lieu of his trousers, and was swearing like a beach comber because his trousers wouldn't fit where his shirt should have been. The first sergeant was busily writing his name over and over again, like this, on the wall:

"John Henry McCord. McCord Henry John."

It all lacked a great deal of being funny to Arnold. He fled from the distressing scene and went to the balcony—and there stood the ranking corporal, who was looking toward the darkening sky and jabbering in a manner that should have made a Pampangan everlastingly ashamed of himself! This latter got on the nerves of the one sane man; it angered him, too, somehow. He strode up to the corporal, seized him by an arm and shook him roughly.

"What are you doing, you fool?" he demanded.

The noncommissioned officer turned a pitying face toward his questioner.

"My dear Arnold," he said with the utmost precision of speech, "I think you must be crazy. Either it is that or you do not understand. I was merely conversing in the unknown tongue. Arnold, are you aware of the fact that nothing, absolutely nothing, is ever lost?" He pointed skyward. "Look up there, Arnold, and tell me what you see."

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Kentuckian snapped out an expression of disgust. A man approached from behind. Arnold wheeled; in the fast-falling twilight he saw the dull flash of a Krag's knifelike bayonet.

"Give it back to me!" thundered the armed maniac. "It's mine, mine, mine—I tell you; it's mine, mine, mine!"

"Give what back?" asked the near-by corporal.

"My sheepskein! Arnold's got it!"

A dozen other men had followed the man with the bayonet. They were mut-

tering, over and over again, among themselves:

"Arnold's got Putney's sheepskein!"

Putney lifted his weapon and sprang for Jim Arnold. The Kentuckian side-stepped and the bayonet's point was buried in the balcony railing. With that the others joined in a clamor for the sane man's life.

"Kill him! Kill him!" they shouted. "He's crazy!"

Captain Lamont appeared on the balcony. He had three neckties on. "Kill who?" he asked carelessly.

"Private Arnold, sir," an-

His torn and bloody clothing and a gash here and there in his withered body brought a look of pity to the American's eyes. Arnold caught him by an arm and turned his face uppermost. It was the face of a savage and a fanatic, and it was made hideous by many "ornamental" scars; the lips were parted, showing teeth that were filed sharp and stained to a reddish-brown by long and constant use of the betel.

"Tatai Kuli!" exclaimed Arnold. "I



In the falling twilight he saw the flash of a Krag's knifelike bayonet.

awered the demented corporal. "He has Putney's sheepskein."

"Oh, well—yes, you'd as well kill him," muttered the company's commander. "He's crazy anyway."

There was but one thing to do, and that one thing was to leap over the balcony railing and to the ground, twelve feet below. Jim Arnold did it. The rest of the company followed, a yelling, screaming crowd of bloodthirsty maniacs. But Arnold eluded them in the gathering dusk. He went toward the hills, for there alone lay safety for him.

It was little sleep that the Kentuckian found that night, and he had that little in the shelter of a red seraya, high on the side of a hill. Broad daylight had come when he awoke. He sat up, put on his rumpled campaign hat, and turned his gaze toward the town below.

In that which he saw there was, at least, nothing to alarm him. A few half-naked pickaninnies frolicked around the haystack houses. A few native men rode a few mangy-looking carabaos through the crooked streets. A few brown-skinned women pounded rice near their back doors. Of the American soldiers there was no visible sign; evidently they were asleep.

Arnold's closely-seeing eyes roamed to points nearer him. Then he made out the figure of a native in dirty-white clothing, whose legs were bare from the knees down, lying prostrate and motionless at the foot of the hill. He went to his feet and descended the slope hurriedly.

The native was an old man, and he was dead. Beside him lay a curved bolo.

wonder who did it?" His voice rang loud in the morning stillness. As though in answer, there came weakly from a point a few yards to his left:

"I am here, Don Jaime," in Spanish.

"Pepe! Is that you, Pepe?" called Arnold, though he well knew that it was his worshiper.

He hastened through the tropical tangle of bamboo and wild banana and liana vines and found the little Visayan lying almost hidden in the lush growth—and beside Pepe, too, lay a bolo. The boy was badly wounded, and he had bled half to death before congealing had set in and saved his life. And now there was to Jim Arnold, no mystery whatever connected with the violent death of the fanatical and vengeful old chieftain, Tatai Kuli.

♦ ♦ ♦

HE KNELT there beside the boy, put an arm tenderly under his shoulders, lifted him and took the round black Filipino head to his knee.

"Pepe, son," he choked, "I didn't tell you to attack the juramentado like that. He might have killed you!"

Pepe's eyes were full of the light of delirium. His bronzelike face was on fire with fever. He raised his right hand uncertainly in a salute to his god.

"All present—accounted for, sir," he mumbled. Then he became like a rag in the arms of the man whom he worshiped.

Jim Arnold put the boy down carefully and ran rapidly into the town. He entered the quarters building on his tiptoes and hastened silently into the room that had been given over to his squad. The men, he noted, were still sleeping

soundly. He caught up his rifle and his cartridge belt, his canteen and his blanket, and stole into the room of Arbury, the hospital man. It was the work of but a moment to find a bottle of quinine and two rolls of antiseptic gauze; it was the work of but another moment to steal back down the stairs and start toward the unconscious Pepe Malano.

Arnold cleansed and bound up the boy's wounds, brought him to and gave him quinine. Then he carried Pepe to a sheltered spot high on the hillside and put him down on the blanket.

That day and another day passed, and Arnold gave Pepe the closest of attention. Pepe was much better, but he refused to talk. In spite of his love for the Kentuckian, he was still hurt because of the spanking the Kentuckian had administered.

On the morning of the next day the two in hiding on the breast of the hill heard the thrice welcome sound of the company's bugle—ad shortly afterward the company fell out and lined up for roll call, and there was nothing in the least queer about their actions! With the death of Tatai Kuli, all was well. Pepe Malano had saved the Americans.

"Pepe," said Arnold, sinking down beside the boy, "I'm mighty sorry I spanked you. It was brutal in me. Forgive me for it, and tell me all about this thing, won't you?"

Pepe sat up.

"It is like this way, Don Jaime," he smiled, his voice soft and forgiving. "When that night you beat-beat me, I go think much big think. I think of Tatai Kuli, and I think of lugran-yaya. I go

Tatai Kuli casa, and I look-see mucho. I see Tatai Kuli beat-beat lugran-yaya in rice inga-bo. You get it, Don Jaime? I see Tatai Kuli put lugran-yaya in olla de water. This lugran-yaya no got taste. You get it, Don Jaime?"

"Me, I go follow Tatai Kuli, and I look-see him put lugran-yaya water in spring water which go quarters casa," continued Pepe—"you get it, Don Jaime? It that lugran-yaya which make them Espaneeah go crazy, bughooos, loco! Me, I saca bolo; I fight all same Americano; I kill Tatai Kuli!"

"I see!" exclaimed Jim Arnold. "Tatai Kuli simply poisoned the spring. But why was it that I, too, did not go bughouse, Pepe?"

"This water, it no cold," Pepe Malano explained, "so I fill you cantina three time, four time day with little spring got cold water high up in monte. You get it, Don Jaime?"

Lugran-yaya—"crazy-plant"—is the Visayan name for the loco weed of the southern Philippines.

Pepe Malano now lives happily on a bluegrass farm in Kentucky, and he will tell you proudly that he is an American. Maybe he isn't, but—he ought to be.

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Cruel

The explorer, F. R. G. S., etc., who had traveled widely and written even more widely, was visiting over the week-end. His latest book was on the library table—a graceful piece of courtesy. Some one had read it, too. The leaves were cut. Some one had penciled notes in it. The explorer picked it up and read.

On this page he had written "and a yawning abyss was before me." This was underlined, and the penciled note in the margin was:

"But it wasn't yawning till he got there."